

Conversations With My 13 Year Old Self

by Spannerspoon

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****AN:**** Dear God shoot me! Obviously my small flat has an infestation of plot bunnies! To keep them happy and stop them from nibbling on the cabling, I'm committing the worst sinâ€¦ a songfic!

*****Shudders***** Ah well. This idea stuck and I'm not going to just copy paste stick the lyrics in, so maybe you'll all be able to forgive me this once! If you don't know the song, I recommend listening to it first! And the bit with Alvin is completely intentional â€œ So excited for season two!

[****Additional note****: I actually wrote this a few weeks ago, but hadn't gotten round to uploading it!]

****CWM13YOS CWM13YOS CWM13YOS CWM13YOS CWM13YOS****

"Now where did I put you?"

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock (the Third)'s voice was muffled as he rummaged around the bottom of one of his many storage chests. At present, the young Viking was attempting to locate one of his old notebooks. Stoick had FINALLY started to see the merit of his son's inventiveness and had wanted to utilise the Bola-cannon against the

Outcasts. Granted, the designs would need some adjusting for the fights against Alvin, as the Outcasts had yet to manage training dragons to bear riders, but still; with a few tweaks the cannons could work to foul a ship's sails and possibly give the Vikings of Berk a few precious minutes to get mounted up and into defensive positions.

If only Hiccup could find where he'd put that notebook! He stood up, straightening his back from its cramped position over the chest. It wasn't that long since he'd had it was it? Hiccup smiled to himself. It seemed a lifetime ago that he had stuck down the great and powerful Night Fury with his bola-cannon. Though really, it had only been a few short months. Hiccup shrugged. It still seemed strange to him that less than a year ago his life had been such a mess. And it still baffled him when any of the villagers greeted him with respect and admiration. Then again, for over fifteen years, they hadn't. He rolled his shoulders, trying to release the tension gathered there. Ah well. He wasn't going to find the designs if he stopped to dwell on that! And besides, he was so much happier now. Hiccup had his father's (public) love and approval, and he was even hailed as the hero of Berk. Hel! He'd even gotten the girl â€" not that he was EVER saying that if Astrid was within hearing distance. His arm still throbbed from when Snotlout had commented how he had LET Hiccup win Astrid from him, and Hiccup hadn't immediately denied the possession. In fact, life was pretty good for the one legged sixteen year old. Though it would be better if he could find that stupid book!

Hiccup frowned, shaking his head at his own impatience. He turned to the shelves beside his desk. The thought that he should be more organised crossed his mind as he took in the mess of papers, scrolls and books. Casually reaching out to take a book from the middle shelf, Hiccup managed to knock a large pile of haphazardly stacked scrolls to the floor.

"Oh Hel." He cursed, scrambling after the rolling documents. As was typical of his luck, several of them rolled under his desk, forcing him to crawl under it to retrieve them. Glaring at his prosthetic (as if it was the leg's fault, if he wanted to start blaming body parts, blame the clumsy elbows!), Hiccup gracelessly lowered himself to the floor, trying to keep as much weight off his tender left knee. At a somewhat hobbled crawl. Hiccup made his way under the desk. Reaching into the dark space, Hiccup's fingers quested for the elusive papers. His lip quirked upwards as he felt the rough paper beneath his fingertips. Carefully tapping them to roll back into the light, Hiccup's hand brushed the familiar hard texture of one of his notebooks. Surprised by the unexpected find, Hiccup pulled the book towards him. The book appeared, covered in a thick layer of dust. Intrigued, the teen sat back on the floor of his room and gazed at the dusty cover. Obviously not the notebook he was looking for by the amount of dust covering it butâ€¦ Hiccup wondered how long the little book had been under there. He grinned, only one way to find out!

Cracking the book open, Hiccup savoured the feeling of the spine crackling and flexing in his hand. Fishlegs might have been a nerd for statistics, but Hiccup's nerdy love was for books. He still dreamed about visiting the Meathead public library. Even the thought of the Hairy Scary Librarian couldn't deter his desire! Shaking his head with a small smile, Hiccup focused his attention back on the forgotten book in his hands. The first page was completely blank.

Hiccup raised an eyebrow. It was odd of him to leave an empty page in any of his notebooks. Normally, he had so many ideas and sketches that he needed all of the paper he could get his hands on. Shrugging at the oddness of it, he turned the page; only for a frown to crease the space between his eyebrows. These pages were blank as well! Maybe the whole book was blank, thought Hiccup as he thumbed through the next few pages. He was about to put the odd little book down when his eye caught the tell-tale black of a charcoal pencil. So there WAS something in here! Maybe he had just been holding the book upside down? But checking the cover, Hiccup knew he hadn't. How bizarre. With a small huff of confusion, Hiccup re-opened the book to the first used page.

I suppose it's funny that it almost pains me to leave those pages blank, but this way if Dad picks it up, he'll think this book is empty. Of course I'll hide it too, but better safe than sorry " and believe me, I am sorry enough. My name is Hiccup. Great name I know. But it's not the worst. Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls, like our charming Viking demeanour wouldn't do that already. I live on the island of Berk. It's twelve days north of Hopeless and a few degrees south of Freezing-to-Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. We have fishing, hunting and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitos. We have dragons.

My Dad is Stoick the Vast, chief of our tribe. They say that when he was a baby, he popped a dragon's head clean off its shoulders, and I can believe he did. As a chief, he's a powerful dragon killer, and one day, I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon means EVERYTHING around here. A Nadder head is sure to get me noticed for doing something right for a change. Gronkles are tough; taking one of those down will definitely get me a girlfriend. A Zippleback, exotic, two heads, twice the status. And there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire. But the ultimate prize is the dragon no one's ever seen. We call it the Night Fury. This thing never steals food, never shows itself and NEVER misses. No one has ever killed a Night Fury. That's why I'm going to be the first.

Hiccup sat back, an amused expression on his face. Obviously this odd little book was one of his old journals, possibly the first one he ever wrote going by the explanations. Hiccup closed his eyes, his expression thoughtful. That would have to make him "what? Thirteen? Gobber had given him a stack of bound notebooks around that time, frustrated by the random piles of paper and parchment that always seemed to spread themselves throughout the forge.

"Yer goin' t' burn this place down if y' keep leavin' kindlin' around lad!" he'd said with an exasperated sigh. "Here, put yer ideas in them, an' here," Hiccup remembered he had gestured to a small curtain, pulling it back to expose a small room with a desk, "That's yers now Hiccup. Keep yer mad ideas in there!"

The teen smiled fondly at the memory. That little 'office' of his had been a common refuge during his younger teenage years. He half suspected that was why Gobber had given it to him. Still smiling, Hiccup made a mental note to thank his mentor again for his kindness. That safe haven might just have been the think to save his sanity when he was younger. A smirk slid on to the Viking heir's face, then again, considering he had freed and then befriended a wild Night Fury

less than three years later, maybe not.

Knowing he should really get back to searching for the bola-cannon designs, Hiccup made to close the journal. But, unable to resist the temptation to crawl back into the head space of his younger self, Hiccup re-opened the book and read on.

Well. Maybe.

Hiccup blinked. He could almost feel the bitterness oozing off the page from those two short words. The harsh strokes of the runes practically screamed their misery. Of course, he remembered how it used to be; the anger, the loneliness and wishing that just once he could be the best at something. Anything.

_I, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, have been dubbed today (and I quote) __**The worst Viking Berk has ever seen**__. Normally, this wouldn't bother me so much. Snotlout calls me worse on a regular basis. In fact his current favourite is Hiccup the Useless â€" more insulting because it isn't true! I can do many things; they're just not all that Viking-ly. No, the real reason this bothers me? It was my Dad who said it. It wasn't even to my face. I'd been in the smithy with Gobber and had ducked into my little work area to grab a hammer when he storms into the forge bellowing for me. I, of course, do the sensible thing and stay hidden. I knew what this was about. Snotlout and some of the others had managed to corner me on the outskirts of town this morning for a good game of 'whack the fish' (a surprisingly clever name for beating me up â€" I'm still not convinced he came up with it himself) so an impressive amount of bruises later, he shoves me into an old cart loaded with pitch barrels for the dragon torches (I've said it before but why would fire-breathing reptiles be intimidated by large flaming torches? The Nightmares can set themselves on fire! It's hardly a distraction! I would at least design some sort of rotating weapon to distract them â€" but anyway) so Snotlout and the others keep slamming me against this cart, I get more bruises, the chocks come loose, and it starts rolling down the hill towards town. Knowing what's coming, the others run for it, leaving me to try and stop the cart crashing into the middle of the square. Think about it, it's a Viking tradition to call the runt of the litter a Hiccup, and I'm not like my 'Vast' father â€" I'm more a talking fishbone. Long story short; I can't stop the cart, it rushes down the hill taking the back corner of the Jorgenson home, the barrels somehow manage to ignite and I'm blamed. Again._

Sitting in his room, Hiccup remembered that day. It was the first time Hiccup had had his Dad outright call him a failure. Sure he'd always looked him like someone had skimmed on the meat in his sandwich, but that day had been the first time Hiccup had heard Stoick completely dismiss him. Frowning, Hiccup skipped forward a few pages. He didn't need to be reminded of the following night, he was happy to leave the harsh words half-forgotten in the walled off part of his mind. Things were better now him and his Dad, he thought eyes skimming the paragraphs in front of him, especially after the whole portrait debacle. Stoick was now almost OVER protective of his odd son now! Hiccup's lip quirked; the Hamish's treasure. The one time where being a Hiccup was the right thing to be, not the problem. His internal musings crashed to a halt when, several entries after the one he read, Hiccup noticed the page was crinkled and spotted from what could only be dried tears.

Well, another mark against my Viking nature. A true Viking doesn't cry! But I am. Alone in the house crying into a small journal about how the world couldn't care less about one Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third.

The elder teen lowered the book onto his lap and leant back against the desk. He could remember vividly how during the day he could hide his feelings behind sarcasm and laughter (usually at him) but when it got dark, in the private solitude of his room the tears always fell. Hiccup traced a finger down the side of the page, almost stroking the heartbroken words. He half-wished he could send a message to his younger self that things wouldn't always be that way, that things WOULD work out, if he just gave it some time. Skipping forward again, odd phrases jumped to catch his attention:

I'm not asleep, but it's a nightmare

There must be a Viking-like fighter inside of me somewhere!

Can I not be a proper Viking? Is that all I can be? The pissed off, complicated me?

By the gods did Hiccup remember how it was! The tormenting, the disapproval and wanting so desperately to fit in! The rest of the village might have forgotten how they treated Hiccup the useless, but he'd been him. That heartbroken empty shell who almost gave up. But then, it had gotten better, even back then. Hiccup skipped forward a few more journal entries, looking for the first bright spot he knew had come not long after his lowest point. It wasn't hard to find. A few pages later, Hiccup's untidy scrawl seemed bigger, messier, more energetic. The scribbled runes practically leaping off the page with excitement.

I DID IT!

The crowing handwriting exclaimed in big letters.

I've finally fixed the calibration issues on the mangler! I talked to Gobber about the problems with the gear wheel and he told me the cogs teeth should be slightly bevelled to allow for a smoother running and it worked! I took it out for a few practice runs and it worked perfectly! I've finally figured it out! I know I'm never going to be muscular like Snotlout or swing an axe as well as Astrid-

The older Hiccup grinned noticing the runes for Astrid's name were a lot neater and more carefully written than the rest of the paragraph. Obviously his worship-form-afar for the blonde Valkyrie was firmly in place.

-BUT I can build things to do it for me! My mind is FULL of ideas for dragon killing weapons â€" lots of drawings, lots of moving parts, it's pretty wild! Hand-to-hand (well claw) is never going to work for me, but maybe something long-range would work. Of course archery is considered to be unviking-ly as well, "Only a Celt wastes time with bows and arrows. It's a coward's weapon. Viking fight up close with a strong arm, an axe and a hammer â€" like Thor!" But against the dragonsâ€" well something that might foul their wings and knock them from the sky. That could work. A device that could throw further and more accurately than a Viking. I'd make my mark! I'd be a hero! Astrid would love me; I might even get a date!

Hiccup laughed out loud, reliving the excitement and earnest longing captured in the pages. How many times had he said the same thing to Gobber, trying to convince him the importance of one of his inventions? If memory served, Hiccup had said something similar the night he managed to shoot down Toothless.

"Hiccup?! Are you up there?"

"Yeah, I'm up here Astrid, coming!"

Hiccup grumbled good naturedly as he hauled himself to his mis-matched feet, already hearing Astrid's light tread coming up the stairs. Impatient as always. She appeared in the doorway holding a mug and a plate of what Hiccup could only guess as lunch. Obviously he'd been so preoccupied he'd missed another meal and Astrid had noticed.

"Here." She said, crossing the room with a knowing grin. She handed him the plate, "From me to you."

Hiccup smiled at her, grateful for her thoughtfulness. "Thank you m'lady" he grinned taking a bite from the plate and neatly sidestepping the swat to his arm.

"What're you up to in here?" She asked, glancing at the notebook Hiccup had carefully placed on the desk.

"Just looking through my old notebooks trying to find the bola cannon designs for my Dad. He thinks we might be able to rig them up to use against the Outcasts. But I can't seem to find them up here." He took another bite of lunch, eyes scanning the shelves again.

"That's a great idea Hiccup! You're amazing." She sang, spinning back towards the door, "But you left that notebook in the forge with Gobber. You leant it to him last week!"

Hiccup could have smacked himself. Of course he did, that was how the whole conversation about his designs had started! Grinning at his own stupidity, he took another bite of his lunch.

Astrid grinned, watching the thoughts play across Hiccup's face. "You finish that, then I'll meet you there." She said, waltzing back towards the door. "Toothless is already down there helping Gobber, so you might want to hurry." Smiling at the mild panic that flashed across Hiccup's face, Astrid disappeared down the stairs. Hiccup smiled fondly towards the door and placed the now empty plate on the desk and picked up the mug. Thanking the gods it was just water and not another of Astrid's concoctions like the dreaded Yak-nog, he drained it quickly. Picking up both dishes, Hiccup moved towards the stairs, pausing on an impulse in the doorway. He turned, eyes locking on the dusty little notebook on the table.

"Until we meet again, my thirteen year old me." He said, leaving the memories behind and heading back into the present. His life had gotten so much better than the bleakness he faced at thirteen, true it had also gotten worse "but Hiccup decided he wouldn't have changed any of it. His past was a part of who he is, and Astrid seemed to think he was amazing which was good enough for Hiccup.

The sound of plates being put into the sink, the gentle click-thump of Hiccup crossing the room and then the snap of the front door closing echoed back to the small, dusty notebook still perched on the desk. Locked within its pages were memories of pain, loneliness and a few of hope. The trials and tribulations of a young Viking boy trying to fit in. It may have been a few tough chapters in the saga of the Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, but it wasn't the ending. And who knew, maybe the best was still to come?

****CWM13YOS CWM13YOS CWM13YOS CWM13YOS CWM13YOS****

****AN:** ****Wow, that was a big fic! Written, (as all good stories are) at 3 in the morning despite the fact I had work the next dayâ€¦| ah well! Sleep must be sacrificed in the name of creativity! Hmmm, must be the plot bunnies making me say that, I like sleep! Well I hope you all enjoyed this, if Hiccup seems a bit OOC in the journal entries, it's the song reference!**

Also try playing HTTYD Buzzword Bingo! Try and spot all the HTTYD references I make in this one (there is a LOT!) Bonus points if you can name where about in the HTTYD universe they came from.

Let me know what you think by dropping me a review, I love reading them!

****Love and hugs,****

****Spannerspoon out.****

End
file.